

TRAGEDY OF GAMBLERS' GOLD LUST HAUNTS RUDY IN NORMANDY RESORT

Finds Consolation On Auto Tours of Smiling Province

Rudolph Valentino, in spinning this golden web of his own intimate, romantic life history, takes you with him into the Casino at Deauville, where you stand with him at the gaming tables, where men and women dice with life and honor.

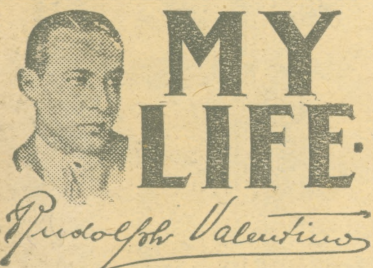
"Men without masks—women with their masks of paint—toys—victims—money-mummies—tragedies," he writes. "Souls that were bartered for gold!"

"What is an artist?" he asks. "What is the spark that kindles him to a flame at which the world may warm its hands?"

And then the "Sheik," as only the "Great Lover" can do, proposes to answer for you his own question in his own words.

Go with him over the lovely roads of Normandy—motor with him in the Land of Romance.

His renewed vigor and eagerness to return to the screen and win more honor and hearts.



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One man in the Casino was pointed out to me as having lost 16,000,000 francs during the season.

In the half hour I was there looking on, he lost 3,000,000 more.

His face looked to me as though he had lost his immortal soul.

And all, I thought, watching him, for the sake of the delirious



Jean Acker

fever that ran in his veins and would not be slaked save by gold. Gold that left him for all the frantic effort he gave to retain it. For all that he gave his life to hold it.

Hollow, mocking gold!

I didn't stay long enough to know. I don't think that I want to know, but doubtless that very soul has gone now, by his own hand, to the place where there is no treasure that corrupts. Where, if he cannot gain it, neither can he lose it.

And that is a merciful thing.

Tragic Pantomimes
I remained, an onlooker, more interested, really, in the tragic human pantomimes being unconsciously enacted for me than in the gaming itself. I didn't join the play, for the chief reason that gambling doesn't interest me. It never has and I dare say now that it never will. It is one of the fevers of man that happily I have escaped. It has never attacked me, even in a mild form, and I suppose I should be thankful for that.

It has always seemed to me so pitiful to see a man mastered by a thing, rather than a master of things.

Surely, no man would give his life, his hopes, his love to the running race of gold on gaming tables if he were able to control himself.

There must be a taint in his

blood that will not be gainsaid. And that so many of these big gamblers die suicide deaths points the more directly to the tragedy back of it all.

Natacha took the same interest in the gaming rooms that I did; the human drama being there enacted. Men without their masks. Women with their masks of paint and powder all too pitifully transparent. Toys. Victims. Money-mummies. Tragedies!

Today we have spent in motor-ing about the country with Hebertot. They are among the most pleasant hours we have spent since we left American shores.

It has long been a part of my dreams, so variously described and to be, I suppose, so variously described again and again, to see the Normandy country.

Haunted by Normandy

Tales of Normandy had ever an unaccountable fascination for me, seeing that there is, so far as I know, no Norman blood running in my veins—and yet, how do I know? That very point is another theory I have often played with in my mind. People say to me, to one another: "What is an artist?" What is it that makes a man or a woman an artist?

It is not birth and breeding, for frequently they spring—these artists, these geniuses—full grown from the barren breasts of poverty, from hovel homes, from crudity and ugliness and want.

It is not country, for the artist arises in darkest Africa and in subtle India. In England and in France. In Germany and in Italy. Everywhere.

It isn't training, for many an artist works blindly with his hands and his knowledge, if divinely with his instinct. It isn't luxury, it isn't force of circumstance. It isn't even opportunity.

Then what is it? Of what clay is the artist made? What is the spark that kindles him to a flame at which the world may warm its hands?

Artist World Wide

It may be that the artist is accidentally, oddly, compounded of all bloods. It may be that the artist, tracing back and ever back, would find within his veins a dif-

fusion of all traditions, traditions of all lands, heritages of a commingled ancestry, so that he is not merely one man, an entity, an individual, with a few subdivisions of ancestry and a few traditions here and there, but the derived essence of all lands and all people, bearing the savage tom-tom of the African at the same time as his blood records the symphonies in Boston.

He is world-wide, this artist, perhaps; he is the child of the ages, and in him and through him the ages speak, and all men understand.

A fancy? Or a fact? It is merely a random thought to be taken or left as the whim dictates.

Felt at Home

But as we motored with swift ease over the level roads of Normandy, viewing the quaint Norman cottages, catching glimpses of the Norman peasants, the old sailor types, I felt very much akin to them, very near—and curiously responsive. I wanted to wave my hat in my hand, to shout out to them, "Why, how do you do, there—here I am—back again—after—how long a while—no matter—here I am!"

I think I did wave my hat a trifle and Hebertot thought that I had recognized some one I knew. I had, but he wouldn't have quite got my point of view without considerable explanation, and I wanted to drink in the sensation, not expound a theory.

The most exciting part in the ride, really, was an ancient Norman farmhouse to which Hebertot took us. The lovely, traditional old place had belonged to his family—a very ancient Norman family it is, too, by the way—for generations upon generations, and in the old place he showed us the very bedroom in which William the Conqueror had slept before he went to England.

Snaps by Roadside

On the ride home I took some pictures here and there along the way of some of the old Norman types. It was most enjoyable.

Natacha makes fun of my photography and told me when we started home in earnest, after I had proclaimed that I had had my fill of photography for the day,

that she didn't know what type of man would appear on my film, since I had doubtless taken three or four on the same negative.

I have since proudly proved her wrong—in some cases.

Natacha asked me tonight if I

were worrying over my affairs at home, my film affairs, she meant.

We both know that when we go back we are again to face legal procedures. Of which we both are

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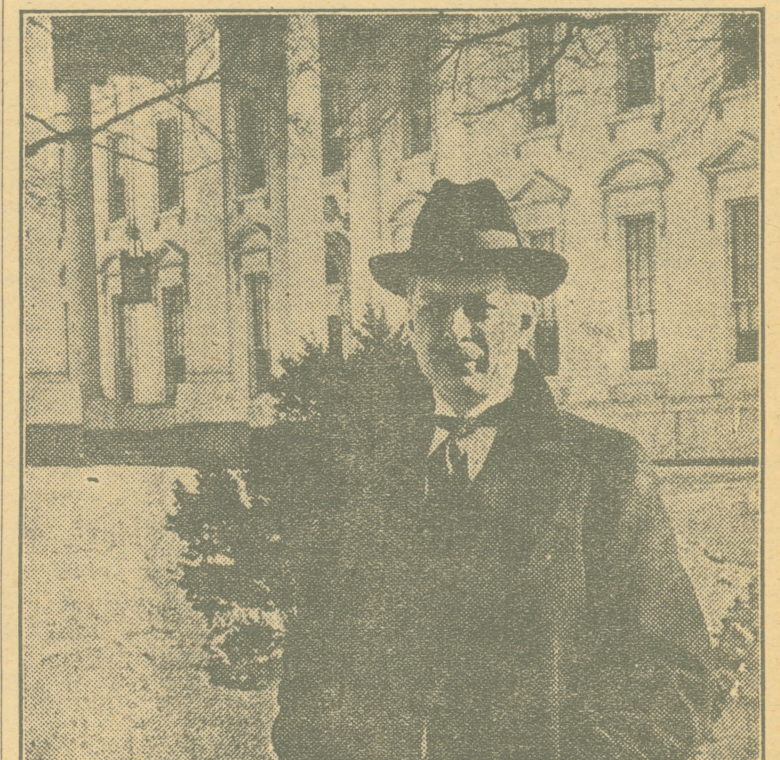
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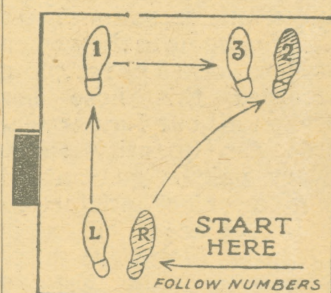
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